

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. 3. ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866. No. 130.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

To those receiving the paper through the Post-Office, \$2.00 per annum. To Village subscribers, \$1.50 per annum. To those who pay in advance, \$1.00 per annum. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines or less, of this type, for first insertion \$1.00. For each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. For long advertisements, rates will be made on the basis of space occupied, and will be subject to the discretion of the Publisher. A liberal discount will be made on the above rates to those advertising by the year. Local Notices will be inserted at 15 cents per line.

St. Albans Business Directory.

BAILEY & DAVIS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, in the rooms formerly occupied by White & Sowers, Galesburg Building, St. Albans, Vt. F. S. BAILEY, J. S. DAVIS.

M. RUCK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, also Agent for first-class Insurance Companies, and for obtaining patents, &c. &c. 1-17. (Office over the Bank's store.)

GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, St. Albans, Vermont, Office near the Post-Office, and residence on Weston street.

A. SOWLES, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Office over the National Bank, St. Albans, Vt. Also, United States Commissioner, Commissioner of the State of New York, Massachusetts, and other States. He will give prompt attention to all professional business, which he may be entrusted.

J. L. MAN, DENTIST, Office in the RINGMAN BLOCK, Main St., opposite the Congregational Church. 1-17.

W. M. GOWAN, DENTIST, Office over the West and Burton's Drug Store, St. Albans, Vt. 2-17.

WEAD & DUREN, Druggists and Apothecaries, Medicines of the best quality. Prescriptions filled with care. Fancy Soaps, Tea and Coffee. 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

S. H. LEWIS, JR. & CO., Dealers in Fine Furniture and Carpets, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

HOUGHTON'S PRINCIPAL Oyster House, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

J. BURGESS, Dealer in Fish, Poultry, Eggs, &c., 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

JAMES STONE, GROCER, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

FARRAR BROTHERS, IRON MERCHANTS, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

W. P. WALKER, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

CHAPMAN, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

MARSHALL, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

BRANDT & SPEAR, Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

H. C. POST & CO., Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

MERRITT HOUSE, (formerly Clinton House), 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

E. TATTON'S BATHING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

DRS. J. L. CHANDLER & O. F. FASSETT, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

Dr. Geo. L. Newcomb, ERECTILE PHYSICIAN, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

THE MASON & HAMILTON CARRIAGE WORKS, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

CLAIM AGENT, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

CLAIM AGENT, 1-10. (Office over the Bank's store.)

BRILLIANTS.

Conducting Youth and Age to the Tomb.

O youth, how soon it leaves thy heart,

The sound of passing bells!

While age's pulse has ceased to start

Beneath their frequent knells!

And still the house of mourning lies

Beside the house of mirth,

And sorrow reads her homilies

In all the homes of earth!

Along the road that all must tread,

Are milestones made of tombstones!

And childhood's dreams too soon are led

To the dim city of the dead.

And colored by its glooms!

O youth, and age need both a guide,

To walk in pity by their side.

And manhood's heart and childhood's eye

Have tears, for charity to dry!

[T. K. Hervey.]

FORBEARANCE.

Has thou named all the birds without a gun?

Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?

At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?

Unarmed faced danger with a heart of trust?

And loved so well a high behavior,

In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,

Nobility more nobly to repay?

O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

[Emerson.]

CHARITY.

Then constant faith and hope shall die,

One last in certainty, and one in joy?

Whist thou, more happy power, fair Charity,

Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,

Thy office and thy nature still the same,

Leading the lamp and unconsumed thy flame,

Shall still survive.

Shall stand before the host of Heaven confessed,

For ever blessing, and for ever best.

[Matthew Prior.]

The Art of Printing.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

Perhaps there is no department of

enterprise whose details are less un-

derstood by intelligent people than the

"art preservative"—the achievement of

types.

Every day, their life long, they are

accustomed to read the newspaper, to

find fault with its statements, its ar-

rangement, its looks; to plume them-

selves upon the discovery of some

rough and acrobatic type that gets

into a frolic, and stands upon its head;

or of some waste letter or two in it;

but of the process by which the news-

paper is made, of the myriads of mo-

tions and thousands of pieces neces-

sary to its composition, they know lit-

tle and think less.

They imagine they discourse of won-

der, indeed, when they speak of the

fair carpet, woven for thought to walk

on—of the rags that fluttered upon

the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more won-

derful still. When we look at the

hundred and fifty-two little boxes,

somewhat shaded with the touch of

the finger, that compose the printers'

"case"—noisless, except the clicking

of the types, as one by one they take

their places in the growing line—we

think we have found the marvel of the

art.

We think how many fancies in frag-

ments there are in the boxes, how

many atoms of poetry and excellence

the printer can make here and there,

if he only had a little chart to work—

how many facts in a small "handful"

—how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered ele-

ments, until he holds in his hand a

stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody

upon Grimes "all buttoned up before,"

and now "Paradise Lost," he arranges

a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in

"nonpareil," he announces that the lan-

guishing "live," in one sentence—

transposes the words, and deprecates the

days that are few and "evil" in the

next.

A poor jest tricks its way slowly in-

to the printer's hands like a clock just

running down, and a strain of elo-

quence marches into line letter by let-

ter. We fancy we can tell the differ-

ence by hearing of the ear, but per-

haps not.

The types that told a wedding yester-

day announce a burial to-morrow

—perhaps the self same letters.

They are the elements to make a

world of these types are a world with

something in it as beautiful as spring,

as rich as summer, and as grand as

autumn flowers that frost cannot wilt

—fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper shall become the

log-book of the age; it tells at what

rate the world is running; we cannot

find our reckoning without it.

True, the green grocer may bundle

up a pound of candles in our last ex-

pressed thoughts, but it is only coming

to base uses, and that is done times

innumerable.

We console ourselves by thinking

that one can make of that newspaper

what he cannot make of living oaks—

a bridge of time; that he can find it

over the chasm of the dead years, and

walk safely back upon the shadowy

sea into the fair Past. The singer

shall not end his song, nor the true

soul be eloquent no more.

The realm of the Press is enchanted

ground. Sometimes the editor has

the happiness of knowing that he has

defended the right, exposed the wrong,

protected the weak; that he has given

utterance to a sentiment that had

cheered somebody's solitary hour,

made somebody happier, kindled a

smile upon a sad face, or hope in a

heavy heart.

He may meet with that sentiment

many years after it may have lost all

charm of its paternity, but he feels af-

fection for it. He welcomes it as a

long absent child. He reads it as if

for the first time, and wonders if, in-

deed, he wrote it, for he has changed

since then. Perhaps he could not

give utterance to the sentiment now—

perhaps he would not if he could.

It seems like the voice of his former

self calling to his parents, and there is

a something mournful in its tone. He

begins to think—remembers why

he wrote it, where were his readers

then, and whether they have gone—

what he was then, and how much he

has changed. So he muses, until he

finds himself wondering if that thought

of his will continue to float after he is

dead, and whether he is really looking

Webster's most Important Thought

A correspondent of the Rochester

American, adds the following to the

host of anecdotes of the great states-

man, when his decease called forth:

When Mr. Webster was Secretary

of State some years ago, under another

administration than that of Mr. Fill-

more, he wrote to one of the proprie-

tors of the Astor House, in New York,

saying that he would reach that house

on such a day, and begged that some

of his friends should be invited to

dine with him the same evening.

There were about twenty at the

table, and Mr. Webster seemed very

at ease, and speaking but little, if

at all, plunged into a darksome

sort of reverie, not well calculated to

enliven his friends. This at length

became so apparent, and the situa-

tion of all so unpleasant, that one of

the company urged upon a very distin-

guished man present, warm friend

of Mr. Webster, to get into conversa-

tion. He only needed to be jogged,

to become as lively as they wished.

The friend consented, and spoke

aloud to Mr. Webster asking him

some questions that in ordinary men

would have led into conversation, but

it failed in the present instance. The

dark Secretary of State merely raised

his head and answered, and cropt back

into his cave again. Again, the gen-

tleman frightened at his failure, was

urged to renew the attempt and draw

him out. He summoned courage and

said, "Mr. Webster" (Mr. Webster

looked out of his cave) "Mr. Webster,

I want you to tell me what was the

most important thought that ever oc-

cupied your mind."

Here was a thumper for him, and so

everybody thought at the table. Mr.

Webster slowly passed his hand over

his forehead, and in a low tone said to

a friend near him, "Is there any one

here who does not know me?"

"No, sir, they all know you—are all

your friends."

Then he looked over the table, and

you may imagine how the tones of his

voice would be on such an occasion,

giving answer to such a question.

"The most important thought that

ever occupied my mind," said he,

"was that of my individual responsi-

bility to God!" upon which for twenty

minutes he spoke to them, and when

he had finished, he got up from the

table and retired to his room; and

they without a word, entered into an

adjacent parlor, and when they had

gathered there, some of them ex-

claimed: "Who ever heard any thing

like that before?"

What Mr. Webster said in advocacy

of this most important thought, I do

not know—no one has ever repeated

it, and I presume no one can.

Sights in Holland.

A Rotterdam correspondent of the

Boston Traveler writes:

Imagine a city where every other

street is a dirty canal, filled with

barges, where half the front doors

open into brooks, and the other half

directly into the streets which are

paved with brick. Imagine everything,

from street door signs to three trucks,

perfectly white and clean, with the

exception of the water with which

everything is washed. Imagine every-

thing looking as if they had just been

sent home from the laundry, nobody

dirty or shiffling, or slovenly, and all